

# BRECKENRIDGE NEWS

J. D. BABBAGE,  
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR  
CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY.

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All communications must be accompanied by the name of the author. We will, by request, withhold the name from the public.

WALLACE GRUELLE, Editor.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 1879.

BLAINE, of Maine, is a humble-bee with the sting extracted. All he can do is buzz.

JOE MURPHY has gone to writing verses. We had no suspicion that he was a tuncful liar.

The Owingville appellate convention, in nominating Hargis, insures a Radical successor to Judge Elliott.

"GRANT drinks beer." Ah! then the crown he is after is that of King Gambrinus, whose kingdom is located in Dutch bellies.

DITTO, of the Newport Local, pretends that he is being transformed into a female. We'll wager that he is fixing up a joke on Martha.

A MICHIGAN paper calls Representative Burrows, of its State, a fool. That is placing rather a high valuation on the fellow's intellect.

A REPUBLICAN exchange accuses us of designating Senator Hoar an ass. We did nothing of the kind. We have never rated him above a donkey.

OLD Jane Grey Swishelm is babbling highly spiced stories of her own amorous youth, thinly disguised as the experiences of young slave-girls.

It looks as if the young man who wants to marry the daughter of a rich old codger, has a dead sure thing of it when he hires himself as a coachman to the girl's father.

EMMETT LOGAN intimates that the Commercial's Grove Kennedy story (to be found on our fourth page) is false. Ditto asserts its truth. Thus another irrepressible conflict is thrust upon the country.

The Ohio County News thinks that Grant "throttled the Confederate Republic." We always thought that it was the United States courts he throttled, in order to save his Whisky Ring partners from the penitentiary.

MONEY (of the Cincinnati News) get name for the Radical Congressmen in "skunks." He, probably, has examined the acts of the several Radical Congresses and found that the tail of the varmint is over them all.

CONKLING, of New York, is composed of equal parts of vanity and pretension. He is neither a fool nor a wise man. Like the woodpecker, the showiest thing about him is his head. If he had a tail he could spread it would be a peach.

WHENEVER JOHN A. LOGAN reads a speech from manuscript you find the grammar correct, for his wife wrote it. But when he speaks off-hand, then the skeleton of Lindley Murray grins its teeth, and the several parts of speech think of holding a mass indignation meeting.

THE whole thing lies in a nutshell. Shall we have free, untrammeled elections? and shall we have unwaged courts and impartial juries? The Democrats answer, Yes. The Republicans answer, No. The first offer us liberty, the others threaten us with slavery. Choose ye between them, O people!

SUPPOSE three men are standing each at the corner of a triangle, and one of them fires at one of the others and misses him, it is possible for his bullet to kill the third one, who occupies an opposite corner of the triangle? A Harrison county jury, the other day, decided that Clay Mages killed Jason Metcalf in exactly that manner.

THE Nelson Record degrades itself by stooping to controversy with the Louisville Post. That vile sheet hears about the same relation to the decent papers of Louisville that the Lafayette street demerol does to the respectable ladies of that city. Its vilification of Dr. Henderson, and abuse of the Frankfort Yeoman, Nelson Record, and Breckenridge News is the highest compliment it could pay us all.

THE Burlington Hawkeye—and all the other Republican papers, for that matter—calls Gen. Chalmers "the butcher of Fort Pillow." When Gen. Forrest was alive, he was the butcher. Should Chalmers die, somebody else will be saddled with this imaginary butchery. The reason these kind of Republican lies were so well, is that they are made of gun-metal, and fit one Southern man as well as another. Consequently they are always serviceable.

Oh, yes; certainly. "Every Republican Senator and Representative have said they would cheerfully vote for the repeal of the law authorizing the employment of troops at the polls if the Democrats would offer the proposition as an independent measure, instead of a rider to an appropriation bill." So they did, every man of them. And yet, when Senator Bayard, taking them at their word, introduced a separate bill repealing the obnoxious law, every man-jack of them in the Senate promptly and unhesitatingly antagonized his measure. You see, the only way to arrive at the true inwardness of a Republican Congressman's intention, is to interpret his declaration as you would an Irishman's dream.

## TO A GIRL FRIEND.

When Fate writes its decrees in star-words, silver-bright,  
Upon the bonding heavens in the mid hour of night;  
When the world is dreaming, and birds sleep in the tree;  
When the pine-tree's tenor and deep base of the sea  
Mingle on the night-wind in wondrous harmony.

I look upon the star-scroll and read the weird of thee.

I read of beaming beauty's lissom form and laughing eye;

I read of radiant heart-dreams, sweetly born to swiftly die;

Of lips meeting in kisses, of hopes that bud and bloom

Like blossoms of the graveyard to perish on a tomb;

I read of years on-coming, bringing both joy and ruth;

I read the in memoriam of dead and buried youth.

I read of joys far greater than any you have known;

Of pleasures purer, sweeter, than any that have flown;

Of a fair home-kingdom, where Love's sway is supreme,

Where life is smooth and tranquil as the current of a dream,

With children's merry prattle and a mother-love serene,

And loving hearts for subjects and you their crowned queen.

WALLACE GRUELLE.

## THE WAY TO REMEDY IT.

The complaint of the Covington Commonwealth that the small section of the State known as the Bluegrass region gets all the prominent offices is only too well grounded. It has both United States Senators, a distance of only thirty-two miles separating their homes; it has the present Governor, the Secretary of State, the Auditor, the Treasurer, and the Superintendent of Public Instruction. Yet, true as this is, all of these men of Bluegrassdom were nominated by a Democratic State Convention—except the Secretary of State, who holds an appointive office—composed of delegates from every portion of the State, whose votes unquestionably conferred the nominations upon them. Therefore it must have been pure Bluegrass luck that attended and gratified their aspirations for position, and we see no reasonable excuse for raising a sectional ruction with the Bluegrass Nation on that score. At the same time, we believe that the offices could be equitably apportioned between the several sections of the State, in a manner that would prove acceptable to all hands, and not injure the public service. For some time we have seriously thought of presenting a plan to the Democracy which would not only bring about this desirable result, but would have the better effect of putting a stop to the chase of offices and nominations so reprehensibly indulged in of late by candidates for State offices, and now appears about as good a time to offer it as any. Our plan is this:

Let the State be divided into three districts, the territory west of the Green River to comprise the first; the territory between the Green and Kentucky rivers to comprise the second and the section east of the Kentucky to comprise the third. Let the State ticket be divided into three equal portions. Let the Democracy of the first district select from its ranks the candidate for Governor and Register, of the second district those for Lieutenant Governor and Auditor, and of the third district those for Treasurer and Superintendent. At the next election advance the Governor and Register to the second district, the Lieutenant Governor and Auditor to the third district, and the Treasurer and Superintendent of Public Instruction to the first district. By this means each section would have an equal chance in the order of rotation named, and no man could have just and reasonable grounds of complaint. Each district could make its nominations in any manner it considered best, and report the results to the State Central Committee, whose duty, it should be to proclaim the ticket nominated in this manner as the choice of the Democracy of the State.

Our good friends of the Covington Commonwealth demand that Kenton county shall be recognized on the State ticket. While Kenton contains many gentlemen who would adorn any position on the ticket, still we do not think that she has as good cause for complaint as a great many—in fact, a large majority—of the best Democratic counties in the State. The second Governor back (Stevenson) was from Kenton, and he left the gubernatorial chair for a seat in the United States Senate. The first Lieutenant Governor back (Carlisle) was from Kenton, and he is now a member of Congress. Thus we see that Kenton county, inside of a dozen years, furnished us with a Governor, a Lieutenant Governor, a United States Senator, and a member of Congress. That, we think, ought to satisfy her for the present, particularly since here is the entire State west and south of Glasgow which has not had the Governorship since Lazarus Powell's day, and but one Lieutenant Governor in twenty-five years. The Attorney-General is the only State office that has gone west of the Green river for many years, and yet western Kentucky contains as many brilliant, able and competent men as any other portion of the State.

The Ohio County News is working itself into a passion without particular cause over Southern massacres, and must qualify its assertion that the leaders and inciters of those massacres have never been punished, if it would be truthful as well as indignant. We remember one of those slaughters that occurred in Louisiana—a gang of cut-throats under the lead of one Wharton—Colonel Jack Wharton, sah. After murdering as many negroes in Tensas parish as he wanted to, he fled to New Orleans and proclaimed his adhesion to the Republican party. As the Tensas massacre occurred in the nick of time to elect Grant in 1868, the official, when he assumed the reins of government, felt called upon to bring Master Jack to book for his wholesale murders, which he did, very severely, by conferring

on him one of the fattest offices in his gift. Subsequently Hayes, thinking that Wharton had not been sufficiently punished, again crushed the poor devil into the dust with the weight of another fat office. Let not the News lay its hand upon its patent heart and say now that not one of the Southern murderers was ever punished.

## HARDINSBURG.

There's no fish in the Duck Pond.

Come on, boys, with your independent candidate. We have a nominee that can lick him.

Brown Helm, of Union Star, was in town last Friday.

There's a fishing party off this week, for a few days' camp at Hardin's Creek.

Mrs. Louisa Gregory, wife of W. H. Gregory, died last Monday, at a quarter past eleven o'clock, a.m., of consumption.

There are sixty-seven children on one street in this place.

One interesting feature in our Literary Society, is the addresses by the members of the legal fraternity. They are always present to say something good. For the benefit of that old maid at Cloverport, we will say that it is not connected with the Mite Society. That is a separate meeting, and doing a good business of its own.

That old maid at Cloverport says, "we are all intelligent." Truly you are, and we love you the better for it. As to this thing of marrying, she says it's too risky. Aye, that's well said. But we would like to know how in the deuce you know so much about it, if you never had a chance to take any.

The town is dull since court adjourned.

Rev. W. W. Lambuth, who has been quite ill, is able to be out again.

Mr. J. D. Beeler, of the firm of Beard & Beeler, thinks of quitting the mercantile business, and moving to the country. He owns one of the best farms in Breckenridge, upon which he is building a fine residence, and will remove as soon as it is completed.

## BREWELVILLE.

Sunday exercises—pitching horse-shoes and playing croquet.

Say, you gunners; let the birds light!

Miss Mattie Lewis is visiting friends and relatives near Brewelville.

Cale, before you take that fair blonde out riding again, put a few rocks in her side of the buggy.

That "ham man" is still going out to see the little dogs. We hope he will get enough of them soon.

Have said he was going to whip some one if he found out any thing about that pup and ham story. So somebody said; but we have not heard any thing of the fight as yet.

Watch out, Miss Minnie, Mr. Bennie is thinking a little too much of Miss Annie H—

On Pisgah's heights he stands,  
And casts a wistful eye  
To Frankfort's fair and happy land,  
Oh there to live and die.

He don't want any bridges,  
And county roads had few;  
He'll pocket all the money,  
And Breckenridge county too.

A SERENADE.—A serenade was given to Mr. Robert Cross, an old citizen of this county, by his near and intimate friends, Mr. Campbell and Dr. James Anderson, Sr. Those two musicians, of local notoriety for their excellent musical talent and dexterity in the handling of their several instruments, went to the quiet residence of Mr. Cross on the evening of the 18th of April, it being his birthday, to celebrate the same and show their appreciation of the old gent. It was his 58th birthday. It was at the hours of 11 o'clock when the two troubadours, with their favorite instruments—the horse-fiddle of Dr. Anderson and the dumb-bell of Jerry Campbell. The instruments opened their discord with Will Hays' "Drummer Boy of Shiloh." They concluded with the parody, "If I can akeedaddle, I am going home again." They were unexpectedly received by the host. It was an old usket, but the musicians concluded to leave their instruments until the weather was more favorable. Mr. Cross holds them subject to their order.

Your Joe John is coming, Virge,  
That is a certain thing;  
You had better go down Barn's poems,  
And keep an eye on Big Spring.

## MT. ZION.

It is now the middle of April, and not a peach bloom in the neighborhood.

The apple and cherry trees are full of bloom, and if we have no more frost we expect an abundant crop.

A great many tobacco plants have been destroyed in the creek by the late frozes, and the farmers are sewing their beds over, although it is late.

What is looking well, and if nothing happens to it we expect a heavy crop, as there is an unusual large crop on the ground. We are expecting a good crop in general, as is usual after a hard winter. Entertaining this idea, we are losing no time, and hope to be rewarded for our labor in a rich harvest.

Mr. A. V. Moorman and Indy, formerly of Big Spring, Meade county, have moved into our midst, and are repairing in such a manner as to make an old farm house look like a new one. Come on, several more such.

Boss C—, do not spill your milk any more on the carpet at Mr. S—'s. They have no cats.

John M—, take better hold on the plate of biscuit, or Mrs. — will have to keep the girls in the parlor.

We are making an effort to get a post-office in the neighborhood, midway between Hardinsburg and McDaniel's, at V. Butler's on the Louisville route. Success. Then, Mr. Editor, you may expect several new subscribers, as several are promised.

It is rumored hereabouts that C. A. S—, of McDaniel's, has taken his Beard off the primary election, and has taken a deep cold, settling on his appetite, and the doctor has prescribed two molasses. Oh! doctor, some more of us have taken cold.

John T—, have another cup of coffee; you have not drunk but six.

# F. FRAIZE.

SPRING SEASON OF 1879!

## THE OLD RELIABLE HOUSE

OF

# FRAIZE & MILLER

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### GOOD

Bacon and Lard, Flour, Meal and Salt.  
FRAIZE & MILLER.

Miss G. T— likes only one scholar.

Bob, can't you send one?

We are glad to learn that the Rev. W. W. Lambuth is rapidly recovering from his late illness.

A good deal of borrowing around from meat houses and corn cribs. Don't we wish we had a calaboose and Duck Pond?

Mr. V. Butler was crippled the other day by a severe fall.

P.O.R.

COUSSENS' Compound Honey of Tar has been so long and favorably known that it needs no eulogium. For coughs, colds, sore throat, hoarseness, etc., it affords speedy relief, and is a most pleasant and efficacious remedy, honey and tar being two of its ingredients. The skill of the chemist, and the knowledge of a physician were united in its preparation, the result being a compound which is the favorite remedy in this severe climate, and has no equal as a cure for coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, croup, etc. Use CousSENS' Honey of Tar. Price 50 cents. For sale by A. R. Fisher, Cloverport, and Dr. J. M. Taylor, Hardinsburg, Ky.

Pocket-Book Lost.

It was in the town of B., and Mr. S. had just concluded some purchases, when he made the startling discovery that his pocket-book was lost. While searching his pockets he found a buckeye, and said—"Gentlemen, my pocket-book is lost, but there has been something discovered by Dr. Tabler, of Nashville, of far greater value. It is the Buckeye Pile Ointment, which will cure Piles in all cases, when used according to directions. Try it. Price 50 cents a bottle. For sale by A. R. Fisher, Cloverport, and Dr. J. M. Taylor, Hardinsburg, Ky.

CousSENS' Honey of Tar will relieve severe coughs of long standing, and prove a blessing to all who suffer with affections of the throat and lungs, and is confidently offered the public as the best remedy in the world. In our rigorous climate where coughs and colds prevail, this favorite remedy should have a place in every household. When the little ones are attacked by croup or whooping cough, nothing will afford such instant relief as CousSENS' Honey of Tar. Price 50 cents. For sale by A. R. Fisher, Cloverport, and Dr. J. M. Taylor, Hardinsburg, Ky.

Female Suicides.

Poor, frail woman! How said the life and how terrible the death of many. The midnight plunge, the lover's leap, the bloody dagger, the poison's venom are all brought into requisition to shorten life. And yet another mode of self-destruction is more frequent than all others combined. While mother and daughter are guilty, the father smiles an assent. Females are absolutely hurrying themselves to premature graves by refusing to cure the long list of female diseases that constantly afflict them. Some have become pale, feeble and emaciated, while others suffer with monthly troubles of a chronic nature implicating the whole system. Young girls have become almost unfit for life and mothers drag a miserable existence. You can be cured of all this suffering and why hesitate? Dr. Dromgole's English Female Bitters has cured thousands and will cure you. It is a powerful permanent tonic and female regulator.

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